A

WARRE BETWEEN two entire Friends, The Pope and the Divell.

WITH

His Holinesse Will made before his Death in the Field.

ALSO,

His Divelships Triumph at the Conquest, Dispatching his Troopes for the WEST.

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A WARRE BE WEENE TWO INTIRE FRIENDS.

Enter Pope and Hereſie.

Pope GOe ſummon up my Captaines, let them know,
A day's appointed for the field, and we
Muſt bravely looke th' enemy i'th face,
Bid Croſſe and Crucifix prepare themſelves,
Summon up Holy water and our beads,
Call Canterbury with his lofty ſect,
Weele fright the Divell and his helliſh crew.

Hereſie. Ah Sir, the tyde is turn'd, for you may ſee
How all your forces hang their heads, and feare;
Braue Canterburies cag'd, others are fled,
Our Holy water now is of no force,
The Crucifix is ſpurnd, your beads deſpiſ'd,
And all your forces are diſperſt and gone;
Now hearke hells drums doth ſtrike a parley, tell,
Will you obey, or ſtand it out with hell?

Pope. Though I ſhall periſh, I will fight and try,
Ile ſhew in my revenge that I'me noble,
My vertuous anger can't vaniſh ſoone,
Each veine receives an arteries ſtrong force,
I feele in me the ſtrength of twenty men;
And being armed with ſo good a cauſe,
Ile dye, or force him to obey our lawes.

Her. And lee they come.

Pope.

Pope. They're welcome by my Crowne.

Enter the Divell, with him Pride, *Lust*, *Coveteousnesse*, *Treachery*, *Idolatry*, *Envy*, *Idlenesse*.

Div. Bold triple crowned King, who dar'st incense
Our all-devouring sword against thy selfe,
Know that the least power we use to bring,
Abroad in glittering helmets, are full able
To paunch thy Kingdome, and thy subjects all;
And if that we doe but once put to sea,
And stand the raging of the boisterous windes,
If we once passe upon the foaming waves,
The windes are husht, and mountaine waves prove
Nor can the thunder of your harmelesse shot (dales,
Endanger me or mine, I'me still the same:
You come attended on by charity,
You put much trust too to your conscience.
Indeed these things may keepe a Church man warme,
But never doe the Divell any harme,
The hungry mouths of famish't beggars may
Sucke some relieve from't, but as I can see,
You'ave only got the rags of charity.
Now will we wallow on the full fraught shore,
Of sensuall pleasures, thy champions
For feare of me, already run away,
But I shall meet at last with those base slaves,
And make them come to hell to seeke their graves.

Pope. I've heard thy words, & view'd thy land, & see
I and my slaves are too too weake for thee;
When I had friends in England I could brag
My selfe an enemy to all the world,
I, and performe it too, but there my name
Is held in great derision, each child

Will ſing and ſay a rope for *WILL* the Pope:
O how my joyes are vaniſht here of late.
My head ere now hath had ſo many hornes,
That I could fright the greateſt forreſt Bore;
But now I fall, and to my great diſgrace,
I can't uphold Saint *Peters* tumbling ſeat.
'Tis truth an Equity doth pricke me moſt,
Moſt of our Sectaries vow and proteſt
They here ſhall laugh untill they ſee my fall,
I have offended, and the worſt, to dye,
Will put a period to calamity.
What ſhould I feare? my fortune's ſunk ſo low,
Nothing can fall upon me I will ſhun;
Now Mr. *Divell* are my ſands quite run,
The Epilogue is ſpoke, the play is done,
Here ere the recitall of what I ſhall give,
My heart is broke, I have no hopes to live.

The Popes Will.

I give my ſoule unto your ſelfe, my trunke
The earth doth chalenge, and let her enjoy it,
But pray intreat my ſoule well, let it have
A place in Purgatory, let her paines
Be ſomewhat eaſed by your lenity,
Saint *Peters* ſeat, which was my earthly throne,
Let Hereſie enjoy, my tripple Crowne
I give to Englands Canterbury, if
He can but ſtep to Rome and fetch it thence.
My chiefeſt Cardinall is dead, and *Pride*
Shall ſucceed him: to *Luſt* I give thoſe drabs
Which I in ſecret kept whilſt there I raign'd;
My coffers are well ſtuft, *Covetouſneſſe*,
Enjoy my wealth when I am dead and gone,

He

Ile ſend braue *Treachery* into England,
And make him the Depury of Ireland,
If that be fill'd when little *WILL* ſhall dye,
His Biſhopricke will fatten thee, or elſe
Thou canſt not want preferment, many have
Left their places, faith, and all are fled,
Idolatry can live by Organs, and by Croſſes,
Beads, Crucifixes, and our Holywater,
If ſhe may bend and crowch ſheele never breake,
O types and figures, ceremonies old
Will fatten her, and make her fat and faire,
Let her to Rome, no place for her more fit,
For ſure ſheele periſh if ſhe flye from thence.
Envy I charge thee goe enflame our Prieſts
Againſt that little Iland in the Weſt,
Provoke them to miſchiefe. O ſome Powder plot,
That could devoure theſe gaping Heretickes,
O it would make me chuckle in my grave:
Then venture over to my ſon of Spaine,
Wiſh him revenge my death, for 'tis meere care
Hath forc'd me to my grave before my time;
O an Armado now all things are quiet,
Would pickle Heretickes for the Divells diet.
To *Idleneſſe* I give a parſonage fat,
With ſum reuenewes that ſhall choake his cheſts,
For ſuch as he are only fit for them,
Theſe that doe preach too much doe load the mindes
Of the poore laity, which doth cauſe deſpaire,
Give me a man preach once in ſeven yeares,
And then ſcarce ſpeake untill the ſands are run;
Thoſe that doe babble till one houre be gone,
And halfe another, fheh, they like not me.
But *Idleneſſe* I pray now underſtand,

Be zealous in your Orizons each time,
Pray moſt devourly, for I muſt confeſſe,
Prayer doth edifie more then preaching.
Now with my bleſſing to my ſonne of Spaine,
Together with my loving ſonne of France,
I cloſe my eyes, and bid the world adiew;
And though in this Scene you doe ſee me fall,
Ile riſe a Martyr, that's my end, my all.

Div. And farewell faith, I laugh to ſee how I
Enlarge my Kingdome: this jolt-headed Pope,
Would not have gone to heaven by no meanes,
His journey's Purgatory, but I thinke
Hee'l finde a hell in our purgatory.
He is the ſecond; come draw your forces on,
Arminians all: for I muſt be your doome.
If I can but ſteere off the ſhip of ſome Engliſhmen
I have been lately acquainted with, from the land of
repentance, then in good faith I will not ſay, Hey der-
ry downe to be 1000. ſtrong before midlent yet.
But goe my boyes, each ſpread his ſails abroad,
And bring in trafficke unto me your Lord.
Nothing can pen you, ſince your ſhip's your land,
As heretofore it was, your courage to
The ſame or rather more.
The fertilſt earth returnes the husbandman
No more then three crops in one circled yeare;
But ſure before the glorious glittering Sunne
Hath poſted through the Zodiacke, I ſhall ſee
You ſwell with trafficke, like a tympanie,
Each moneth, nay ſure each day will yeeld
A crop to men from forth the Weſterne field.
O give me comfort of your good event,
By hearing each mans parting complement.

Pride.

Pride. With Peacocks wings as I wift as aire I flye,
To *Peters* ſeat, 'twas the Popes legacie.
There Ile inveigle all, both rich and poore,
For to be proud, and to maintaine a Whoore.
And when their ſoules are drenched in ſinnes flood,
Ile leave them groping in perditions mud:
Ile teach them all to climb a rotten wall,
When they are up, Ile teach it how to fall.
Thus ſhall they die, unleſſe my thoughts ſtrike wrong,
Death is the burden of their fatall ſong.
And now with Eagles wings Ile poſt t'expreſſe,
My love to you ev'n by my nimbleneſſe.
Next peeps forth *Luſt*, his night-cap on his head,
A ſigne both night and day hee keeps his bed,
He ſpewed forth ſuch bawdy lines, that he
Deſerv'd in faith to ſtand i'th pillory.
And there he vowed to infect the land,
And bring whole thouſands to his maſters hand.
A Congie made, baſe bawdy *Luſt* ſlips in,
And then comes *Coveteouſneſſe* as foule a ſinne.
He bore at's girdle Bonds and Bils, there he
Preſents a Bead-roll of his villany;
He kept his bagges about him: for his feare
His gold would ſure be eate by ſome Bug-beare.
But now comes out the Captaine of this crew,
Div'liſh malicious, though they are but few,
He ſhew'd the Divell what he had done already,
How he had made our Engliſh men ſo heady,
That faith they did rebell, and he would be
A ſervant would undoe their pedigree.
So with a ſmile threw in the Divels face,
Treachery departs, Idolatry's in's place.
She with a ſmiling grace thus 'gan to ſay:

'Tis

'Tis not unknowne, great *Pluto*, to this day,
But I have done such service as befits,
Those that are call'd great *Pluto's* Parasits.
The Westerne Ile hath cring'd at my command,
And bowd to stockes and stones to kisse my hand.
This I have done, but Ile doe ten times more
Before I leave the fertile English shore.
Then enters *Envy*, blustring forth a breath,
Would poyson any mortall underneath:
He spewd forth what he meant, made *Pluto* laugh
To see how *Envy* healths of blood did quaffe.
But last of all, comes *Idlenesse* in blacke,
He look't ev'n like a Long-lane what d'ye lacke?
He promis'd *Pluto* t'keep black Coats asleep,
Till want of preaching made the Laity weep.
Then *Pluto* rose and thank't them all; and then,
He wisht them hie to his unhallowed Den.
And then by turnes, let each man range as will,
Damne all the world, then I shall laugh my fill.
Come on my Fiends, and let the world know it,
Brave Englands vice deserves a biting Poet.

FINIS.

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